ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Brian was born in New Zealand and traveled the world in the late sixties arriving on the shores of the United States in 1970. He traveled the states extensively, building up a dead file on the country's history in preparation for his new book "The Addiction of America." He moved to Washington State in 1991 with his wife Elizabeth who is also part Indian.

Tired of seeing the destruction of Indian culture, Brian dug deep into the background of the famous Everett Story Pole and discovered a wealth of history about the carver and the legends of the pole. Chief William Shelton of the Tulalips and the carver of the Pole was the main focus point. Through this effort "The Friends of the Everett Story Pole" foundation was started, in conjunction with the Everett Parks Dept.

Not satisfied with just saving the Pole for refurbishing, Brian also revised Chief William Shelton's book from black and white to color, and from a long version to a shorter version for the convenience of the public at large. At the same time he was painstakingly careful to keep the spirit of the original book alive within the context of the revised version. Brian was also dismayed that there had not been any postcards since the 1930s. So, he set forth to have new ones printed before the pole came down for refurbishing.

"If we are to know who we are and where we are going, we need to have a sense of history to guide us. If we destroy our history we destroy ourselves." *(author)*

Chief William Shelton's Legends of the Everett STORY POLE

Written by Brian Astwood

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THE LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE EVERETT STORY POLE AS TOLD BY

CHIEF WILLIAM SHELTON

EARLY INDIAN LEGENDS AS HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION ARE HEREWITH RECORDED BY CHIEF WILLIAM SHELTON OF TULALIP TRIBES OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

First edition 1923

Second edition 1935

Third edition 1996

Written by Brian Astwood*

*Cover design artwork by author

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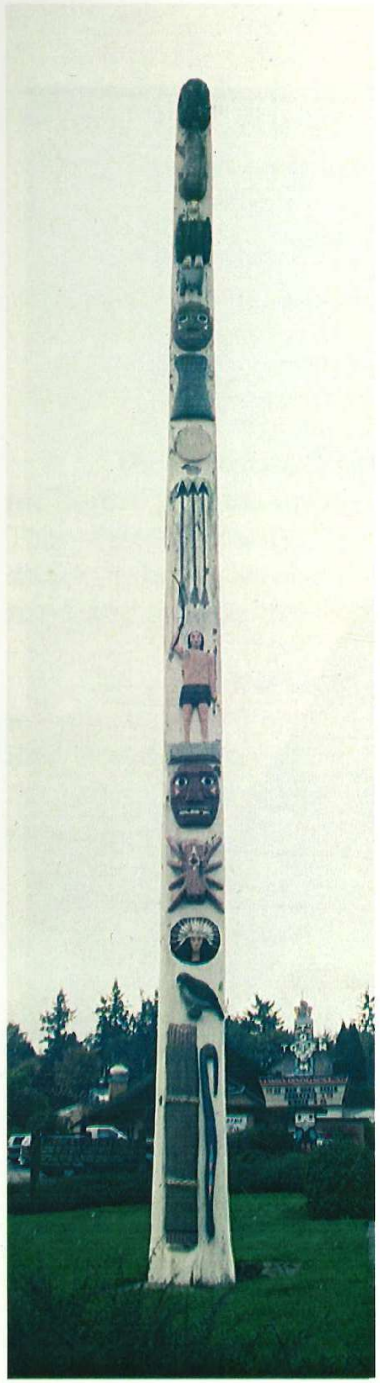
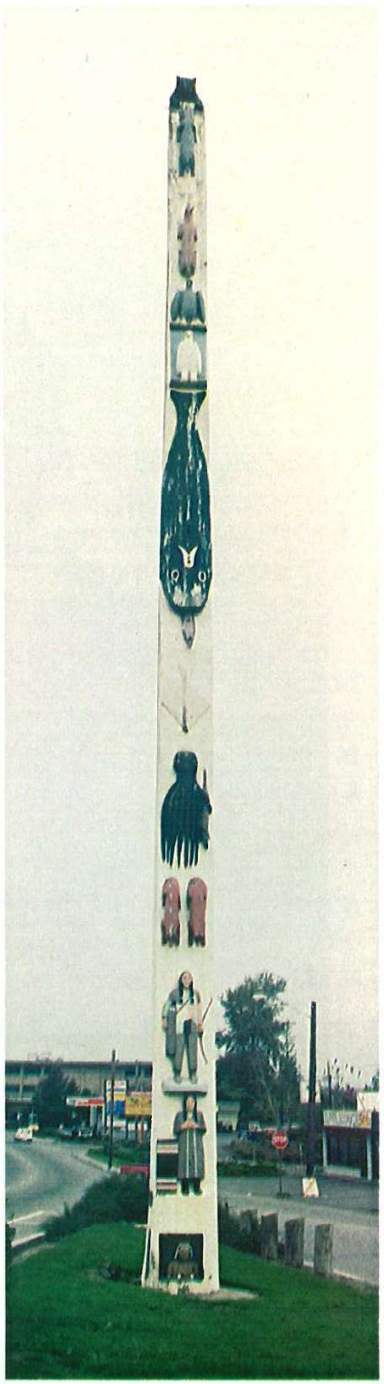
My intent in writing this book was to capture the essence of the man and his stories with "spirit intact." Although, within the content of the sixteen stories, the interpretation may differ, the moral always remains the same.

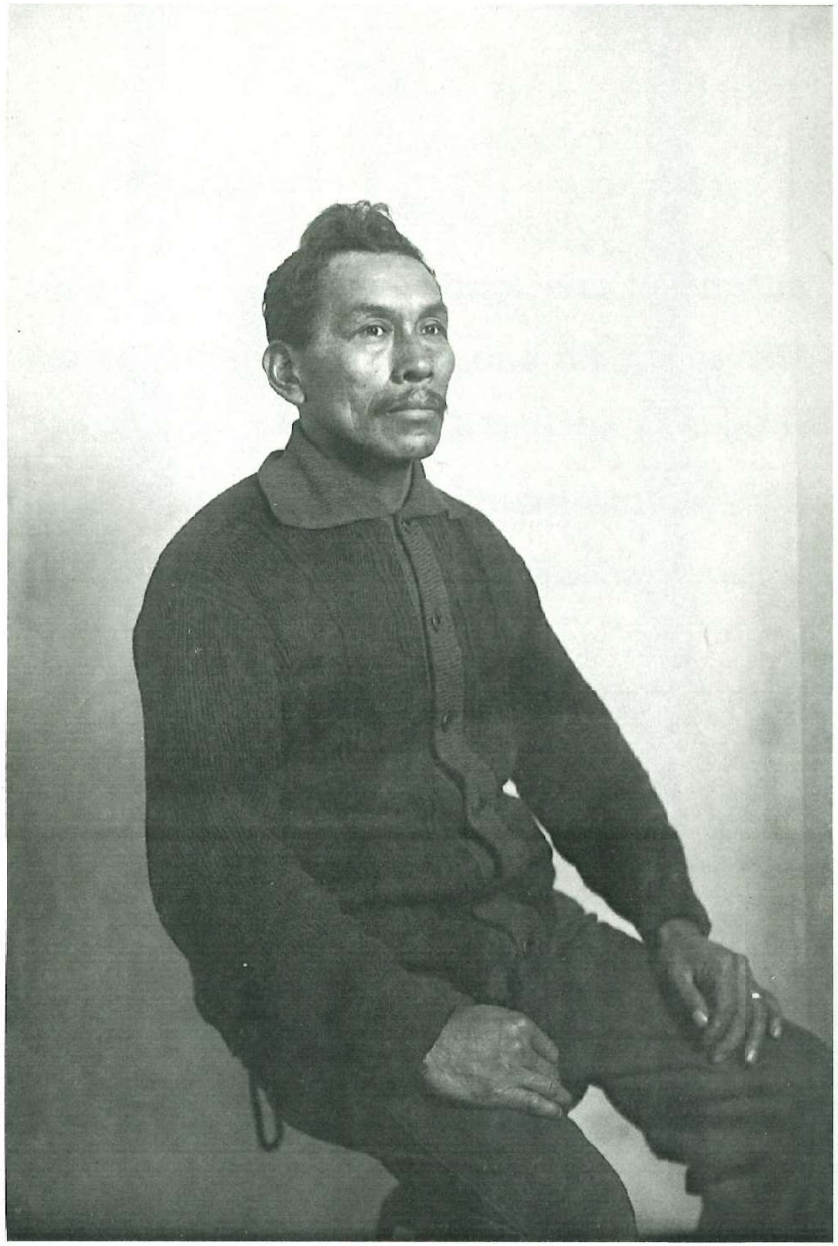
It was never the purpose of the author to write for Chief William Shelton but to give the public at large an overview of this great man's works.



SOUTH SIDE OF POLE



NORTH SIDE OF POLE



CHIEF WILLIAM SHELTON

The following are excerpts from Chief William Shelton's personal memoirs as he wrote with the aid of a friend

"The following legends are recorded as they were told to me by my parents, uncles and great uncles in the days gone by. They were the text-books used by the Indians to teach their children to be brave, loyal and truthful and to illustrate that evil comes to wicked people, and that only the good prosper in the end.

This was the kind of school I attended while a child and my parents strove to have me become a great medicine man, 'Indian doctor.' However, at the age of eighteen years I enrolled at the Tulalip Mission School where I was taught to read and write a little, and there I remained for three years.

I was then given a position at the Tulalip Indian Agency, and from that time on I have been in Government employ at Tulalip almost continuously and have filled very nearly every position at the school at some time or other.

These stories are written particularly to explain the meaning of the figures carved on the Story Pole which now stands in the City of Everett, Washington, and it is hoped that the stories as well as the pole will stand as a monument to a vanishing race, and that they will help our white friends to understand a little of the Indians belief in spirits, or totems.

One of the first things I can remember as a child is the large Potlatch house at Skagit Head Bay, which had been built by my uncles. My recollection of the house itself is very vague, but the large timbers or posts inside the house impressed me greatly because of the numerous totem figures with which they were decorated. A great many people lived in this house.

And it was at Mukilteo that I had my first experience in feeding pigs. Mr. Natt B. Fowler, the first white settler at this place, owned a couple of pigs that had a habit of coming into our camps on the beach. So one day I attempted to feed one of them by placing some bread on my toes and holding it towards the little pig. Mr. Pig snatched at both the bread and my toe and proceeded to drag me along the beach by my poor toe until my father saw my plight and came to my rescue. I was so badly frightened that I have never forgotten the incident and to this very day I dislike pigs.

Then again, when the Indians gathered at Sandy Point, Whidbey Island, for a great feast, or "Sway-gway," I saw totem figures carved on the huge posts inside the large Potlatch House at this place, and I asked my Father at that time to explain the meaning of the totems to me. He told me that each carving represented a story and each story carried a lesson with it, and before a little boy could become a great man he would have to learn all these lessons. Of course I wanted to become a great man, and so from this time on my father and mother began teaching me these stories, most of which I have recorded in this book.

They told me stories which would create in me the desire to become brave, and good, and strong, to become a good speaker, a good leader; They taught me to honor old people and always do all in my power to help them in order that I would be free from sickness, they made me exercise and bathe regularly. In fact the first thing an Indian boy was required to do when he became of 'school age' was to rise early in the morning without awakening the rest of the household and take a plunge in the salt water, or in the river or lake near which the family was camping.

After the bath he gave himself a brisk rubbing with the aid of a small stick, this developed the muscles and helped to make

the lad strong. In the evening he would have to run for half a mile or more and then take another bath. Often times the father would give the boy a stick known as a "home stick" because it was familiar to the people at home, and instruct him to carry the stick to a certain place on the beach or in the woods. The boy would start out after dark and carry the stick to the place indicated, and the next morning the father would make certain that the boy had actually carried the stick to the place indicated by going after it himself.

This was done to teach the boy to be unafraid to wander about by himself after dark. The boy also fasted from three to ten days, for in that way he was told, would the great spirit or totem come to him. During the winter months the boy was not required to run for half a mile and then bathe for that might cause his death, so he merely chopped a hole in the ice and stayed in the cold water until his flesh stopped tingling; this toughened the flesh and bodily cuts and scratches were less likely to become infected.

As the teaching progressed and the boy grew a little older he was sent into the woods by himself and told to stay there as long as he could, for, while in the dense forest by himself, he might find a strong totem that would help him to become a great Indian. He fasted during his stay in the woods and bathed frequently for the great totem might come to him from the depths of a lake or the rapids of a river.

I was trained in just this way from the time I was a small child until I was eighteen years of age and the stories I was told remain fresh in my memory to this day. By the time I was eight years old I had been firmly impressed with the teaching that boys and girls must be kind to the poor and the aged, and one day as I passed a little Indian mat-house I heard some groaning as if in great pain; I stopped and looked in and found an old woman who seemed to very sick. I asked her if there was anything I could do and she told me she was very thirsty, so I hurried to get her a drink of water and then I built her a fire to make her more comfortable.

She thanked me and asked what my name was, and since my own name would mean nothing to her, I told my fathers name.

Later when her relatives who had been on a fishing trip returned, the old woman told them about the little boy's kindness and the people came over to our camp and thanked me, and told my father that he ought to be proud of his son. That made me feel very glad for it pleased my father to know that I was following his teachings.

Another time when my father sent me out in the evening to bathe in a certain place, I walked a long distance and when I finally returned to camp I was very nearly numb with cold, in fact, the fire failed to warm me. The family had gone to sleep but mother soon awoke and saw that I was chilled so she wrapped me in a blanked and I soon became warm and fell asleep. The next morning I felt fine, especially when my father told me that I should not have over taxed my strength and walked so far, for that was exactly what I wanted him to say. I wanted him to know that I could do a great deal better than he expected me to do.

Still another time when we were camped near Mukilteo, I started to walk toward Seattle and as night came on I decided to sleep in the woods instead of attempting to return to camp, so I slept next to a fallen tree that night and at about noon the next day I started home. When I arrived at camp my father questioned me as to where I had been and I told him I had been out walking. Then he laughed at me, saying that to stay away for two days amounted to nothing, and he told me the story about the great Snohomish Chief who stayed in the woods by himself for ten days without any food whatsoever, and how, during these ten days he had found a great totem which had helped him during his whole lifetime.

When I heard that story it made me wish that I could do the same and I told myself that when I grew up, I too, would remain in the woods by myself for ten days or perhaps longer, and perhaps I could find a great totem. Nevertheless, in my heart I felt that two days was quite a long time for a little boy to stay away from home.

I could go on in this way and site many more instances of how my parents told me stories to interest me and impress their teachings upon my mind. I was taught in this way until I was

eighteen years of age and then I noticed that some of the boys of my own age who had been going to the mission school at Tulalip had been learning things that I knew nothing about, so I decided to run away from home and enroll at the mission school. During the first four or five weeks of my stay at school, I was very homesick, so I stayed at school until I finally overcame this homesickness and then I began to enjoy the lessons. The sisters taught me to read and write a little English during the three years I went to their school.

A few years later after the Government school at Tulalip had been established, I became an employee there; I soon learned how to operate the machinery in the saw mill and to turn out lumber. Later I did millwrighting and carpentering and have been employed in various other capacities at the school up to the present time. I learned enough English so that in 1913 when the Indian office advised that the Indians on the Tulalip Reservation would do well to enter into contract for the sale of their timber, I was called upon to act as interpreter and explain the proposition to my people so that they would understand that the timber was to be sold in order that they might receive money with which to build themselves homes and clear the lands for agricultural purposes, and so on.

I was thankful for the opportunity I had to attend the little Mission school, even though that was for a few years only and glad that I was an employee of the Government school where I could mingle with the whites, so that I learned enough of their language to be of some help to my people. And I was very proud and happy to be of some little service to our country when I was asked to be one of the "Four-Minute" men of Snohomish County during the late war. I worked very hard during the various liberty loan drives with gratifying results, that the reservation people purchased bonds far exceeding their quota.

Now, during all these years that I have been employed at the Government school I have observed that the method of the white man's teaching is different from that of the Indian, but the teaching itself, the 'lessons,' are much the same. The white man teaches the children to be kind, good, generous, honest, brave; and the old Indian teaching was exactly that, explained to the child by examples, or stories.

Then the thought came to me that it would be well to record these Indian lessons, or stories so that they would last for a great many years and so I set about carving the Totem Story Pole which has been erected at Forty third and Rucker Avenue, in the City of Everett, Washington. I also carved a totem which I presented to the Tulalip Indian School on which the figures on the totems of most of older Indians are carved. It was exceedingly difficult for me to obtain the stories the figures represent, since an Indian is very reluctant to speak about his totem and calls it only when in great stress."

INTRODUCTION

...Visions of a future chief

Chief William Shelton was born July 4, 1868, at Sandy Point, Whidbey Island. His Indian (family) name which was a proud name in the tribe as handed down from generations of fathers father, was "Whea-kadim" 'Lift up the head and look far.'

His parents names were Charles and Medland, Whea-kadim. From the very start they knew they had a special baby on their hands, and they had visions of a future chief in the family. His childhood training was said to be directed that way through loving parents with a vision for his future.

At eighteen he was very interested in totem poles and the meaning behind the carvings. He was told that they represented stories, and teachings for children to "be brave, loyal, and truthful and that the evil eventually overtakes the wicked, while only the good prosper in the end.

At eighteen he became restless like most teenagers and marvelled at the fact that the white man could put his thoughts, or symbols on a piece of paper, and this piece of paper could be sent hundreds of miles away, and another whiteman could look at the marks on the paper, and could know the thoughts of the person who sent it.

At this point William (Whea-kadim) wanted to learn to read and write at the Tulalip Catholic Mission. But his parents disproved of the mission because they were suspicious of the whitemans diet, and afraid that he would be exposed to new diseases in which he would have no immunity. So they said no! "If you go there you will die," they said. In fact, many Indian students did die of the whiteman's diseases, including malaria.

... ambitious eighteen-year-old

Determined to learn how to read and write, the ambitious eighteen-year-old pondered this matter for some time then at one point, left home. Ran away if you will. And as the spirit led him he

paddled his canoe across Puget Sound in the middle of the night, arriving at five in the morning at the Mission.

Some of his cousins who were there took him to the priest, and interpreted their conversation. The priest asked his name. "William," the boy said. "William - what?" asked the priest. "That's all, William," he said. "But I must enter your last name on the school roll. You do have a last name-what is it?" said the frustrated priest.

"Whea-kadim," said the boy. However, his Indian name Whea-kadim, was not acceptable to the Cathloc priest, and he stated that it wasn't Christian enough. "You must have a Christian last name," the impatient priest finally said. The boy was silent not knowing what to say. "All right, I'll give you a name." As the priest looked at the relative standing beside the boy. "Shelton, you are William Shelton, that is a good Christian name for you."

... no real respect

That is the way William (Whea-kadim) Shelton, came by the name he bore the rest of his life until the day he would become known as Chief William Shelton. Unfortunately, the priests and the nuns had no real respect, or interest in the Indian culture or respecting them as individuals. They were there to enforce the white mans way of life by imposing their form of teaching on them. Most Indian children were forced into boarding schools, existing in pockets of poverty called reservations! There they had to wear very course, ill fitting uniforms and were forbidden to speak, or sing in their native tongue.

In fact, William Shelton had to write to Washington D.C. and ask for permission, in writing, from the Commisionor of Indian affairs and the Secratary of the Interior, in order to build an Indian style long house. But most importantly of all, he had to ask permission to beat the tribal drums and to sing their native songs. As it was against the rules and regulations of the Mission for the Indians to engage in any form of native customs. Then permission was only granted for one day at a time!

a vision for the future

However, Chief Shelton saw a different vision, through the adopting of the whitemans ways. As opposed to hardening of the hearts, he saw a vision for the future, and an opportunity to make his people strong through the whiteman's way of technology. As the years wore on he became a carpenter and millwright at the reservation, but totem carving was still his first love and main hobby.

Chief Shelton's work stands in a number of places all over the United States and around the world. Of the large ones, (50 to 80 feet high,) three are in Pennsylvania, one in Illinois, one in Everett, and one in Marysville. A smaller on is in the Indian office in Washington D.C.

In 1913 after receiving his written answer from Washington D.C. he was instrumental in having an old style long house built, and persuaded the tribes to clear their land for farming and to turn timber into profit for building good homes. Later, Chief Shelton learned to appreciate, and accepted the principals of the United States government.

On the reservation he erected an attractive home for his devoted wife and partner Ruth, Sehome (Sh-yasto-noe,) a fine Clallam Indian girl. And William (Whea-kadim) Shelton's parents lived to see their son marry Ruth, (Sh-yasto-noe) who lived far beyond her husbands years to the ripe age of 100 years before her death.

... a love for teaching children

Chief William Shelton was intensely patriotic and always kept a large American flag flying over his house and a wood carving shop at Tulalip. He had a love for teaching the children the ways of courage and respect. The boy scouts looked to him for native lore, trails and habits of the wild life.

The camp fire girls of Kirkland collected the legends of the totem figures in a booklet printed in Everett in 1923. They even named their group after him. Chief Shelton was a rare man inasmuch as his thirst for education was concerned. He decided to learn as much as he could and to share that knowledge.

a man among men

In the Indian culture he was a man among men. His passion was keeping his culture alive through carving and teaching. Chief William Shelton had carved many totem poles and story poles in his lifetime and was very instrumental in convincing the elders of neighboring tribes to share their totems (personal spirits) so others could learn and appreciate. However, who would have known that as the decades passed his Story Pole in Everett would stand as a beacon of hope, for trust and peace for the future.

Most totem poles are carved out of western red ceder and the Story Pole was no exception however, the Everett Story Pole which took about five years to carve, unfortunately, was not treated. Never the less it has stood the test of time of sixty plus years, and has become a famous landmark in Everett, Washington. It stands approximately eighty feet high and to a depth of six to seven feet beneath its concrete collar. The Pole stood in front of the Redmen hall at California and Hewitt until 1929 when it was given to the City of Everett as a gift.

... a silent giant of peace

It was then moved to its last resting place on the corner of 44th and Rucker as a strong suggestion by Princess Harriette Shelton Dover, the daughter of Chief William Shelton. (Harriette Shelton who's last married name was Mrs, Harrison Shelton Williams, bore a son named Wayne Williams, who is still living in the Pacific Northwest.) At that time 44th and Rucker was the edge of the City of Everett, and the Pole would be like a Sentinel, a silent giant of peace protecting its shores. Princess Harriette Shelton Dover stated, "This is where it belongs, this pole represents harmony among the races between the Indians and the whites."

Over the years the Pole has become an international attraction for schools and tourists alike. At one time back in the thirties, there were even post cards made depicting the famous Story Pole. In 1981 The Everett parks department wanted to move it to legion Park, but the opposition from the citizens allowed it to remain where it is today for fear of vandalism, and to where the citizens

can protect it against the advancing mores of the 21st century.

In his work Chief Shelton made no attempt to present the customs or beliefs of just one tribe, but rather he presented dramatic high lights of the life and ideals of the Indian nation as a race, so that the white people might learn to appreciate the finer things in this swiftly passing phase of American history.

... the totem pole carver is dead

"Fairs in Western Washington today lack one of their most colorful figures, for the totem pole carver is dead!" states the Washington Farmer paper, August 18, 1938. Chief William Shelton's later years were largely spent in carving totem poles and giving public demonstrations of Indian customs, songs and dances, with the aid of his family and tribesman which made up his dance troupe. These graphic performances and exhibits have given many citizens of Washington, young and old a lasting interest in the Indians of this state.

The Tulalip Indian exhibit at the Puyallup fair in the 1930's always attracted many spectators, and from year to year the regular fairgoers looked forward to seeing the display of treasured artifacts, carved and moulded by skillful, sensitive hands. The little group of women that accompanied Chief William Shelton, would sit shy and uncommunicative spinning and weaving their baskets which they hoped to sell, and tended to their knitting, as the crowds passed by. All this is gone now. All that remains of a glorious past is limited to either the reservations, or, specialized gift stores in and around Puget Sound. Contact with people like Chief William Shelton, with his love of life and passion for teaching is but a faded memory.

... a funeral fit for a chief

When Chief William Shelton died in 1938 he had one of the largest funerals ever seen in Marysville. It was a funeral fit for a chief. There were over one hundred cars in the procession going out to the Mission Beach cemetery. There were white men and Indians who attended the funeral. The Indian women wore colored handkerchiefs around their heads, and white women wore

fur coats. There were also loggers, professors, fishermen, and native friends in bright shirts from all over the Northwest.

Indian leaders, and a white man's twenty-one gun salute paid the Chief his final honor. The crowd was so large that it could not be accommodated in the little clapboard church in which Rev. Andrew Mc Grath said a mass. So, hundreds had to stand outside the church on the lawn, or listened in cars and waited on the streets. The crowds were spread out for blocks, while they listened to the loudspeakers that were set up in the churches yard. Thirty years later they still talk about this great leader called Chief William Shelton.

'An Ode to a Knight'

Chief Shelton is gone now, but the impact of his personality and his deeds are still felt in the home region. The "Chivalry" edition of 'Quil ceda,' the then, Marysville High School Annual of 1938, the year Chief Shelton died, bears this dedication. An Ode to a Knight. "The graduating class of Marysville Senior High School of 1938 dedicates this "Knight Annual" to the memory of a truly great Knight, Chief William Shelton. For many years Chief Shelton has been a resident of the Tulalip reservation. He was best known for his talks and his willingness to help. Highly regarded by his white and Indian friends alike, he will always be greatly missed but not forgotten." (Washington farmer 1938)

(poem written by Phil G. Warnock of Everett)

His was the lore of the Indian sage
To know every tree, its name and age;
He could steer a course by the stars he knew
As he paddled his homemade birch canoe
And gave to a tree almost a soul
As he carved his legends on a totem pole.

... the children's pole

The Everett story Pole was commissioned by the Everett chapter of the improved order of the Redmen lodge, and paid for by the Everett elementary schools. In fact all of Chief William Shelton's totems and story poles were paid for by the children of

Washington state. So in actual fact it is the children's pole.

Chief Shelton of the Tulalip tribes, designed and carved the Pole and later dedicated it to Snoqualmie Chief Patkanim. Who was a representative of peace for the two races, and who also signed the 1855 treaty ceding land between Elliot bay and the Canadian border. Contrary to popular opinion there was very little peace between the settlers and the Indians at that time. What Chief William Shelton did, was reafirm the relationship between the Indians and the white people with this Story Pole.

'There is a difference'

The definition of the Totem pole is that each family within the tribe had their creature, spirit or family crest carved on that pole which represented a way of life. Almost like the white man's word 'Heraldry, or family lineage.' There is a difference. The word 'Totem' is not native to the Pacific Northwest, however, it comes from the Eastern tribes and was transposed by the whiteman in order to explain this sight that they saw back east.

In place of the word totem, the Northwest Indians used the word 'Skla-letut' which means 'personal spirit' and that word could mean a bear, cougar, or even a bird. Creatures were even carved into the superstructure of a house or the main beams of an entry way. If a family wanted to have their Skla-letut carved on a pole they would have to have some kind of power, or, money behind them in order to have this done. Not just anyone could have their 'totem' carved.

However, over the years the meaning of the totem and story pole has become misconstrued, and the true meaning cloudy. On the other hand, the definition of a "STORY POLE" is somewhat different. It is carved with no family representation what-so-ever, if a story pole depicts a particular family crest, that is purely coincidental. The Story pole does just that, it tells a story mainly of courage, wisdom, morals and respect. These story poles were used to teach children how to become decent and wise adults, and were handed down from generation to generation.

The totem depicts early Indian legends as handed down

from family to family from children to children. These stories are designed to instill moral values, and a sense of being as-in-one with nature. Also, to respect that which the great God of the sky has given to all to enjoy. There is great virtue in the lessons handed down from the Story Pole to the children of all generations.

In the early days, the Indian had several methods of teaching their children values of respect, and one of these methods was the totem pole, and story pole. The other of coarse was teaching by a camp fire. The Indian was very careful as to who taught their children. So the stories had to be good stories, for these were the only lessons the teachers had to implant in their impressionable minds. And these were the lessons that they depended on to raise good children.

There seems to be a great juxtaposition between the Indian and the whiteman in as much as values are concerned. In the days gone by in Indian folklore, the birds, fish and animals spoke one language of respect and understanding therefore, throughout the following stories you will find all, including humans, conversing in one tongue. It is not so much the content of each story that is important but the recognition of its value to be a good and decent human being.

Left to Right: Anni Fredricks-(friend of family) Ruth Sehome-(Sh-yasto-noe) Wife of Chief William Shelton - Wayne Williams (Grandson, Chief William Shelton) - Silas George (from Chief Shelton's dance troup) Pr,incess Harriette Shelton Dover (daughter Chief William Shelton)

Left to Right: Ruth Sehome Shelton - (Shyasto-noe) Chief William Shelton - Princess Harriette Shelton Dover.

STORIES AND MORALS FROM THE EVERETT STORY POLE

#1

HOh - Kwi: THE LITTLE DIVER

In a certain good sized village lived Mr. Crane and his bride, the little Diver or, Hoh-Kwi. Their marriage continued to be a very happy one, and the Little Diver (Duck) was a good wife and the Crane a fine husband. Crane was a very skillful fisherman and he brought the little diver the choicest bits of fish and she always had plenty to eat.

One day the wife pretended to be ill and because Mr. Crane loved his wife so much he went out fishing to get the very best food for her and the food that she liked to try and nurse her back to health. After several days he began to wonder why his wife wasn't getting better. As it happens his wife was having a secret affair with Mr. Kingfisher. Mr. Crane, realizing his wife had been deceiving him all this time made a weapon and stabbed Mr. kingfisher in the side, but kill him he could not. (To this day you will see a blood-stained feather on Mr. Kingfishers side.)

Now Mr. Crane sought to punish his wife so, he tied her to a very tall Cedar tree. The little Diver struggled so hard to free herself that blood flowed from her bound hands and feet down the cedar tree, and if you look closely you will see this blood on the bark.

The little Divers parents were notified and they offered a reward to anyone who could rescue their daughter. Many tried until a man stepped forward and started to climb with a will of greed; there were many knots in the tree, but he wiggled around

those. The man became very tired through all this wiggling and gave up. When he reached the ground he was very deformed, and instead of walking away, he wiggled away through the deformity of greed.

Finally a very beautiful girl named Woodpecker climbed the tree to rescue the Little Diver from the ropes that bound her. The woodpecker unfastened the Cedar ropes with which she had been tied and the Little Duck dropped to the ground onto the feathers which her parents had piled underneath the tree for the duck so she would fall unhurt. As a reward for saving their daughter the little Divers parents gave everything to the Woodpecker.

Through the waywardness of their daughter these old people had to suffer and the lesson part of this story is that through a misstep, not only ourselves but those who are dear to us must suffer. To this very day, the divers are poor; they are not good to eat and are the poorest of all the ducks. the only thing they do well is to DIVE. The moral of this story is ... Sacrifice for the happiness and betterment of others.

#2

Doh-Kwi-Buhch

as the name of the great and mighty man who created the world. He started his wonderful task way over in the East and gradually worked his way toward the West, creating everything as he went along. He carried with him a great variety of languages and as he created each

group of people, he gave them a language, being careful to select the best languages he had.

While working his way West he reached Puget Sound country and decided that he would go no further so, with the languages he had left in his hand he scattered them all around him even to the north. That is why you have so many languages among the Indians in the Puget Sound country and up North. After Doh-Kwi-Buhch scattered these languages there was great descention among the tribes with language barriers and they were unhappy with the way the world was created.

They found that the sky was too low for their convenience, and they had a bad habit of climbing the trees which led into the next world which was also not as it should be. However, the wiser Indians of the different tribes held a meeting and it was agreed upon that the people should shove the sky up higher, but because of the language barriers nobody understood the idea. So, one of the wiser men came up with a word that all could understand 'Ya-hoh,' which means, LIFT TOGETHER.

In the meantime everybody was busy making carved poles like the ones carved on the big Story Pole. Just when they were ready to lift the sky, three hunters who had been chasing an elk for several hours came to where heaven and earth nearly met. Then the elk jumped into the next world and the hunters followed. So when the sky was lifted they were trapped.

To this very day you can see them in the sky at night; the three hunters form the handle of the dipper, the one in the center is leading his dog (which is the tiny star next to it.) And the elk changed into four parts which make up the rest of the dipper. Then there is the skate-fish formation of stars in the sky, two canoes with three Indians in each and a little fish happened to be making their way into the sky when it was pushed up. All the Indians know that the hunters and the little dog, the elk, and little fish, and the fisherman were on earth once upon a time, and all tribes have the same names for these stars.

From the time the people moved the sky, there was no more jumping into the next world, and the people were content and happy. Although they could not yet understand the language of all the different tribes, they were happy because they had been able to use that wonderful word "Ya-hoh" and accomplished what they set out to do. The moral of this story is ... Be content with what you have and you will find happiness.

#3

Suk-whay: THE SPARROW

The next story on the big pole is that of the little bird called the sparrow or Suk-whay. Suk-whay had lived with a tribe of people who dwelt in a little village. As the years rolled on and Suk-whay became a young man, he decided to get married and succeed in winning the favor of the tribe, by taking as his wife a very beautiful girl who belonged to a tribe of higher standing than his own.

When Suk-whay came to his new home and bride, he felt very inferior to all his new relatives because he knew that he was of lower class than they were. Yet, he decided to win their favor by showing how industrious he was. So, he carried fire-wood, water and other necessary things into the house. He did this for several days until his relatives noticed that Suk-whay never washed his face. They watched for some length of time, and still he did not wash his face. The sister was asked to inquire as to why Suk-whay didn't wash his face. His wife was ignored and payed no attention to her, for he said if I wash my face something terrible will happen to the earth so his face became dirtier and dirtier.

The insistence of the relatives kept up finally, Suk-whay submitted to their requests and walked over to the edge of a nearby river and sang a song to his grandfather, the South Wind or "Stah-ghwahk," and so he sang, 'for I have been told to wash my face."

He sang the song for a few moments and then stooped to wash his face and he had hardly finished doing so when the rain came down in torrents. Harder and faster it came until the whole world was flooded. And it rained for many days until Suk-whay flew away to the South to where his grandfather Stah-ghwahk lived, and it was said that the great flood of long ago was caused when

the dirty little bird called the sparrow was obliged to wash his face. The moral of this story is ... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

#4

Spi-ou THE FOX and Bushchub THE MINK and SPIDER:

Spi-ou and Bushchub were neighbors and because they were very skillful and cunning, they were very jealous of one another and were continually opposing one another's wishes in every way possible. One day Bushchub the mink decided to challenge Spi-ou to take a long walk, a hike, for he felt sure that he was the better man of the two and could easily out-walk Spi-ou. So, he sent his challenge to Spi-ou and Spi-ou accepted.

The morning on which they were to start the race, Bushchub arose early so that he had walked a good distance before Spi-ou got started. Several days went by and all this time Bushchub was plotting moves on Spi-ou to make sure he would never be over taken. Now Bushchub had certain magical powers and when he came to a beautiful stream with fish playing in it, Bushchub with a wave of his hand turned a particular fish into a baby, although it was still somewhat in the form of a fish. Only when the fish was out of water did it turn into a baby.

A trap was made for the fish to keep it in the water knowing ahead of time that when Spiou came by he would see the fish and want to eat it. And that's exactly what happened but instead of the fish being eaten out of water, it turned into a baby. Spi-ou also knew that this trap was meant to delay him from the race with Bushchub, however the Fox could not leave the baby and to

take it along in the race was impossible so, Spi-ou gave up the race in order to give the baby proper training and care.

Over the years the baby grew into manhood and was old enough to marry so, Spi-ou took his son to meet beautiful ladies: Hah-Boh THE PIGEON and Teet-Kwi THE DUCK and the son married them, and they lived happily in a little house. Now Spi-ou became very jealous of his son and devised many ways to kill him. He consulted with his inner self and told himself to go out and make a huge black bird and place it on a limb of a tree for the son to see, and gave instructions to the black bird to carry his son away. However, before his son was to climb the tree, Spi-ou insisted that he take off all his clothing and beaded belt, which he did.

Spi-ou wanted the clothing for himself so he could deceive Hah-Boh and Teet-Kwi. After much deception Spi-ou told the little duck and the pigeon to break camp and to follow him for a long journey. In the meantime the Black bird had taken the son from the tree branch, and into the fourth world, and when the son arrived he did not recognize it as his first world. After walking awhile the son promised a man making ropes that if he would lower- him into HIS world by rolling past the other three worlds he would give the man the four deer skins as a reward for helping him.

So the man with the ropes gave specific instructions and lowered the son, so he rolled past the three worlds and stopped in the fourth world where it was much warmer than the other worlds. The son kept his promise and the man with the rope turned out to be the spider, so when four jerks were felt on the rope the spider pulled the four deerskins up to his world and thanked the son for his honesty; and the reward for his work was in his heart. The spider thanked him and wished him luck.

The son discovered the little house deserted and realized Spi-ou had left with Hah-Boh and Teet-Kwi and taken the path. Some of the tracks that the son saw were fresh so he knew that Spi-ou could not be far away. In the meantime he saw a woman walking by herself and soon he recognized her as his favorite wife the duck. The duck was so happy to see him, and because the son had lost all of his hair the duck, with a magic wave of her hand restored all his hair to his head. Then she told the son of how badly Spi-ou had treatedher because she would not be deceived.

So, after many adventures and magic tricks which involved two Mud-Snipes and a Ska-Kay which carries a baby on the back

of a mother, Spi-ou meets an old woman and her daughter and seeing that they had been starving for food Spi-ou told them of many fish in the river. As a reward the old lady gave her daughter to Spi-ou.

Spi-ou lived with the family for several days until the fish became scarce and so he decided to leave before they found him out. So, Spi-ou went up the river and left his young wife forever. He walked and walked until he became lost in the dense forest and even until this day you will find Spi-ou THE FOX living in the dense forests.

The lesson part of this story is that people should be careful of strangers; they should not accept a stranger as a bosom friend until they are certain that he is a truehearted man and not a tricky one. There are many people, who, like Spi-ou, trick their fellow men, and are not at all ashamed of their deeds. The moral of this story is ... Choose your friends carefully, for many have no conscience and will lead you to evil.

#5

Sway-Uock: The Evil Ogress

This is the story of Sway-Uock, who lived way back in the woods and only came down when she was hungry.

Now, one day Sway-Uock came down to the beach and visited the little village where a band of Indians were making their homes. She picked up all the children that she could find and filled her huge basket with them and returned to the woods.

There was great lamenting in the camp of the mothers of

the stolen children who found themselves powerless to do anything. During the second visit from the lady Sway-Uock, the villagers noticed how ugly she was; her hair was matted and her face was so distorted, and she had lost two of her large teeth while eating the children and not being careful to take out the bones. On this last visit she picked up a little hunched back boy who was bright enough to escape and tell the villagers what he had seen.

On the next visit from the Sway-Uock all the little girls in the basket were determine to make a plan so, one very bright little girl whispered to the rest of them that they should get together and push old lady Sway-Uoch onto the hot rocks and let her burn to death.

Sway-Uock chanced to hear some of this conversation and said "What's this I hear, you are planning to shove me onto the hot rocks and let me burn to death?" And the wise little girls hastened to assure her that she had not understood them correctly for they said, "We are much to small to push a great big lady, such as you are." Satisfied the Sway-Uock continued to put rocks on the fire and dance and sing." The rocks are getting good and hot for the little children." She sang this over and over.

Now when the little girls saw that the Sway-Uock was in a certain position by the fire they all pushed very hard and the lady Sway-Uock fell into the flames and burned to death. There was great rejoicing in the village and to vent their gladness they decided to have a "Potlatch" a get together party. For the Indians learned a great lesson from the little girls efforts. The moral of this story is ... United we stand, divided we fall.

#6

THE BEAD

Once upon a time, in a small village close to the water there lived a chief who had absolute control over the Sun, and so he was envied by all the neighboring tribes. One day he received a challenge from his brother-in-law Bead, who was the Chief of the tribe of the far west. It was found that Chief Bead was the most skillful so, the ownership of the Sun was passed to him.

So Chief Bead took the Sun home with him and the story of his conquest reached far and wide. In the meantime the Big Chief took several tribesman and arrived at his brother-in-laws house and challenged him to a duel. Chief Bead lost the duel so the Big Chief, had his brother-in-law, and his men hung up on stakes so the sun would burn them up.

From that time on all the young men trained every day and the mother of the Young Chief Bead as he was called, directed her sons training personally. So Young Chief Bead trained for several years and one day he was walking by the edge of a large lake when he came upon a great totem, who spoke to him loud and

distinctly, saying, "My name is Skla-letut, and if you will take me as your totem and believe in me and trust me I can do much for you; I can assist you greatly in winning the Sun and avenging your father, but you must have faith in me."

Young Chief Bead who was nearly exhausted from hunger asked the spirit 'Skla-letut,' "I will be very glad to have you help me and from now on I will have you as my totem." And this was the beginning of the belief in the so-called "Totem" or spirit; prior to this time no one knew about totems. Young Chief Beads half brother Mouse asked if he could go along on the next challenge. At first he said no, but after Mouse's insistence he went along as Mouse the half brother was very brave and shrewd.

When Young Chief Bead won the Sun back, the tribe noticed that the heavens lit up and that the light grew brighter hourly. When the young Chief arrived back at the camp the wise men held council as to determine what should be done with the Sun. So, it was established that in order to benefit all mankind the Sun should move from place to place, so that the entire universe should have light at one time or another. And so day and night was established.

On the story pole you will see the young Chief and his bow and arrows, and you will also see the Sun above him. The lesson part of this story is through the guidance of his mother the young Chief Bead became the greatest man of his times. The great thing in life is to make yourself useful in the world regardless of your physical proportions. The moral of this story is ... One cannot judge the capacity of a mind by the size of the body.

#7

The Sckaat-Cheed or Hammer and the Fox

Spring in all its glory, was once again visiting the lonely forest where Spi-ou, the FOX, lived. Spi-ou, however, was only mildly interested in the coming of Spring, for he found his chief delight was in his daughter, a comely young woman who was swift of foot and intelligent.

A short distance away lived a family of mountain sheep, who had won many an honor in the foot races and so great was Spi-ou's confidence in his daughter's ability to defeat these champions. Upon receiving the invitation the mountain sheep came down to make arrangements for the race. If the girl defeated a member of the mountain sheep that member would be obliged to remain with Spi-ou and his daughter.

The race was won and his daughter was defeated. There was great disappointment from Spi-ou and his daughter upon defeat, and the triumphant mountain sheep carried her off to their mansions in the mountains. For a long time after his daughter had gone to live with the mountain sheep, Spi-ou stayed at home, but he was very lonesome without his daughter. He found his daughter was well taken care of for the mountain sheep had a home both beautiful and spacious and food and drink for all.

Spi-ou took advantage of their kindness and began to help himself to everything without asking for it. Now just before coming to the house he thought he would seek some vengeance on his daughter and her relatives, and would take the "Sckaat-cheed" or hammer with him. So that evening he returned to the house and

stole the Sckaat-cheed, but it was very dark and there were many passages inside the house, so that Spi-ou had great difficulty in finding his way out.

The mountain sheep who had been watching decided to show him the door. It was very dark outside but Spi-ou started on his long walk. As he was making his way he came to the top of a hill and sat down to rest. There he amused himself by taking out his eyes and tossing them into the heavens, where they would flash like lightening. He threw them up several times and each time they would return to their proper places in his head.

Again he threw them up but to his great dismay they did not return to his head, then he discovered the Raven who had taken his eyes. Spi-ou was having a difficult time and to add to his irritation he heard a girl laughing at him saying "I wonder what Spi-ou is trying to do there?" Spi-ou answered and said: "I am looking for a straight stick so I might use to sight a star in the heavens." The girl laughed and said "Why there isn't a straight stick anywhere near you."

Spi-ou told her "There is a star up there and if you will come a little closer I will point it out to you. Just come a little closer, do not be afraid I will not hurt you." Although the girl was a little afraid, her curiosity brought her closer to Spi-ou. When suddenly he held her fast and took her eyes and used them in place of his own. When Spi-ou was able to see again he discovered that the girl was a very beautiful Magpie and he felt sorry that he was obliged to rob her of her sight.

Spi-ou left the Magpie and continued his journey when he came across a Cedar tree where he fell asleep. Just as dawn was breaking, Spi-ou was awakened by the drumming of the pheasants and the chatter of Jays, and the hundred and one little bird voices that herald the break of day. Just across the lake he saw the roof of a house where the pangs of hunger was leading him to. Upon reaching the house, a very fat old woman came to the door, and Spi-ou saw that she was as broad as she was tall.

She said, "My grand-daughters are charming young women and I am sure you will find them very attractive." Spi-ou asked, "What is your name madam?" And she replied "My name is Skothob." which means 'Fever.' Spi-ou would get some more information from her before he killed her. Then Fever said, " There is a great gathering of people from all over the country and people are there to see the Fox's eyes which the Raven brought over.

He wondered how he would go about killing the old woman and Spi-ou told her of his intentions. "Get a stick and hit me with it, it will not hurt me, for the more you hit me the stronger I will become." Spi-ou said, "Very well I'll burn you to death!" "Burn me to death indeed!" said Fever, "Why I like the heat, it always makes me feel stronger." "Then I will drown you." said Spi-ou, "Go right ahead," said fever, "I thrive in the water and I grow stronger every minute."

"I am going to sting you to death with nettles." As soon as Fever heard the word "Nettles" she collapsed, then Spi-ou ran out and brought back some nettles and stung her to death. After the old lady was dead Spi-ou skinned her. When he had finished skinning he noticed a nick over the eye where his knife slipped, then he crawled inside the skin of Fever, and practiced walking around the house. He was hoping to deceive the two grand-daughters into thinking that he was she.

When the daughters arrived home they noticed the nick over the eye and Spi-ou told them he was hit by a stick while gathering firewood. "I am sorry that you are not well, Grandmother but you must come to this meeting, the people are expecting to see you. As the three entered the door of the meeting, all the people shouted as they were happy to see Fever. As they sat down old Spi-ou saw his eyes dancing about the large room like flashes of lightening. Then he planned on how he would recover them and run away from the building and away from the crowd.

Spi-ou gazed at his eyes over and over again hoping to attract them. Then he sang, "How will they handle the eyes of Spi-ou, how will they treat the eyes of Spi-ou?" When he sang the eyes would dance more rapidly than ever. After a little time the people became anxious to have Fever move the eyes again, and as the eyes came closer to Spi-ou he whispered to them, "Jump into your places, oh my eyes." And the Magpie's eyes dropped to the floor of the room and Spi-ou's eyes dropped into their places.

Spi-ou ran from that place with the people chasing him, then with a wave of his hand created a heavy fog so they could not find him. When the fog cleared up the people started chasing him again, then with a wave of his hand the thick fog came back again, and they finally gave up the chase in despair. So old Spi-ou had recovered his eyes and he lived happily ever after. The moral of this story is ... Be grateful for the body God gave you and look after it.

#8

The Great Man

Our next story will be about a great man overhead that watches over the seas, and everything that's going on. Whenever the young children go out to do anything the great man watches them, sees that they do what they should, and the children always think of this big man, and will do what is right for if they do not the great man will condemn them.

As you see, the great man on the pole with the big eyes is to watch the people. He helps all the children to be good, to be honest, to be truthful, and do nothing but what is right, or else their lives will be short in this world. The moral of this story is ... Have a love and respect for God.

#9

The Eagle Brothers and The Mink

Our next story is about two eagle brothers and the Mink. The Eagle brothers were very strong and active and very skillful hunters and were well known in their country not only because of their great prowess, but because of their only sister, a young lady of great beauty. The Mink on the other hand, was skilled at nothing but deceiving, and he always managed to make believe that he was a great man.

When the Mink heard of the Eagle's pretty sister he decided that he would visit the eagles and try his best to obtain their goodwill and permission to marry their sister. Accordingly, he started out that very day to visit the eagles and he had no sooner got there, than he began talking about his many talents and deceiving the eagles to believe that he was great, and good, and a very fine fellow.

He stayed with the eagles for quite a long time and when he felt certain that he had duly impressed them with his grandness, he humbly asked the girl if she would marry him, and she replied that she would be honored to if her brothers consented. So the Mink talked with the brothers and they agreed the Mink would be very acceptable as a brother-in-law. Now each day before starting out on their hunt the Eagle brothers would give them-

selves a "tryout." The Mink watched them at play and decided that he would join them as he was faster and would be able to dodge them, but his wife said no because he might get hurt by her brothers great claws.

The Mink told the Eagle brothers that he was stronger and quicker than they were and that they could not catch him. Well, the game got rough and the Mink found himself lying on his stomach, with claws as sharp as arrow points tearing his flesh; then one of the Eagles picked him up and carried him to the top of a tall tree and not until then did the Eagles realize that they had really hurt Mink.

They immediately took him down to his wife and she put him to bed and nursed his wounds and after considerable time he became well enough to walk again. Then the Eagles came to him and said: "Now, Mink, leave this house and never come back again, for we have discovered that you have been lying to us; we believed that you were a strong and active man, and we found you to be a mere weakling, therefore, you have deceived us and you will have to give up your wife and leave us and go back to your own country." And so the Mink, through his foolish lying, lost his beautiful wife and his new home.

So, children, let the story of the mink be a lesson to you, for although you seem to gain by lying, you will lose all in the end. The moral of this story is ... Never lie and always tell the truth.

#10

Black Bear and Grizzly Bear

A Grizzly Bear and her two cubs and a Black Bear and her two cubs, lived in the same house, and although the Black Bear knew that the Grizzly Bear was stronger than she was, the Black Bear did not like to move away, for then the Grizzly Bear would learn that she was afraid of her and would probably follow the Black Bear and her cubs and kill them.

So the Black Bear cautioned her cubs not to fight with the Grizzly cubs as they were far stronger, and she also told them that the Grizzly bear had not been very friendly lately and would perhaps try to kill the Black Bear some day. Then she added: "If I should be killed the sky will turn red in the West and then I want you to lay in wait for the grizzly cubs and kill them, for their mother would have killed me. And remember that you have a grandfather, Old Bear who lives on the mountain, to whom I want you to go as quickly as you can after you have learned of my death."

The little cubs paid strict attention to the directions their mother gave them and it was well that they did, for the very next day the sky turned a bright red in the West and they knew that their dear mother had been killed by the Grizzly, and that it was time for them to carry out her orders. They hurried on and soon they came to a little trail that branched off the main trail, and here they paused long enough to present their arrows and obtain the assistance of the little trail (which came to life,) into deceiving the

old grizzly into believing that they had turned up the big trail. Then they gave the handful of nice weather to the echo on the little trail, and he promised to fool the old Grizzly Bear. The boys walked on until they came to a river and here they asked the crane to take them across, which he did. And the Crane received as his pay the spear the boys had brought with them for this purpose.

In the meantime, after the Grizzly Bear had killed the Black bear she started for the house and on the way she found her two cubs lying on the trail. She examined them closely and found that they had been killed and decided instantly that the Black Bear boys had done the killing. Grizzly was furious and called loudly through the woods that's when she caught those Black Bear boys, she would kill them.

After everything became quiet, Grizzly started on again; she had not walked very far when she came to the river and the Crane, and she asked the Crane if he had seen two Black Bear boys? The crane replied that he had seen them further up the river, and so Grizzly walked up the river a long distance and then back again to where the crane was. The crane thought that he had fulfilled his promise to the Black Bear boys so he permitted the Bear to cross, and this time he landed safely on the other side.

As soon as the Grizzly Bear reached the other side of the stream she hurried on up the mountain, more eager than ever to catch those Black Bear boys who were causing her so much trouble. After a time she came to the house of old Bear, where the boys were sheltered. Old Bear opened the door just wide enough to permit Grizzly Bear to squeeze thru and then he said: "Please go slowly, nobody ever enters or leaves my house in a hurry." So, Grizzly walked slowly for she was in no hurry now, since she saw the Black Bear boys and felt sure that she would be able to kill them soon.

The big grizzly came in slowly and when she had her head well inside the house, Old Bear quickly closed the heavy stone door and cut her head off. The lesson that is brought out of this story is that the Black Bear cubs were saved from harm because they followed their mothers advice and instructions implicitly, therefore, if children will always mind their mothers and teachers they will never come to harm, but will always be guided along safe paths. The moral of this story is ... Listen to the wisdom of your parents and teachers.

#11

Story of the Deer and The Wolves

At the time of this story the deer family was not considered very intelligent or up-to-date; they were honest people and were always just a little behind the times and were very often imposed upon by the sly wolves, who were both very clever and quick, and very skilled hunters. These wolves had introduced a game called "Sawh-uts," at which they beat anyone with whom they played. Since they were always winning, they made it one of the rules of the game that the side which lost was at the mercy of the winners, who had the right to kill them if they chose.

The game was played with about ten little round wooden sticks, a little larger than a silver dollar and the object of the game was for the one side to guess in which hand of a certain player on the opposite side the marked stick was. It they guessed correctly the marked stick had to be given to the opposite side, with one of the other sticks as forfeit, and the side that wins all the sticks is the winner. The marked stick was given to the deer family first and they began shaking them and mixing them up all the while they would distract the wolves by singing; then the wolves would do the same.

Rabbit, who was a half brother of the deer, and a very wise little fellow, had seated himself back of his brothers the deer, for he knew that the wolves were tricky and he wanted to be ready to

run if it was necessary. Then the deer family guessed again correctly and started to brag, so that the little stick again changed hands. Finally the wolves whispered among themselves and decided that they had better not give the deer family too much time to get ready to run and so risk losing all this venison. They decided not to finish the game, but to surprise the deer and jump at them right then.

Rabbit felt sorry for his brothers the deer, because they would not listen to him, and thought there was no point in staying there and being killed with them, so he slinked away. Rabbit had hardly reached his hiding place when he heard the wolves running after his brothers. The wolves had taken the deer by surprise and had a grand feast of venison and scattered the remains all over the forest. And the little rabbit who saved himself, is still a coward and always tries to stay under cover and in time of danger runs away.

The lesson of this story is this: Never attempt to do anything that you are not fit to do and have every reason to believe you cannot accomplish. The Deer knew that the Wolves were winning at this game from everyone in that country-from those who were far more skilled than the Deer. Yet the Deer were foolish enough to play the game with the Wolves and through their foolishness they lost their lives. Also, you must never brag like the deer did when they sang that no one could ever catch them, for it turned out that they were caught. It is always wise to be modest. The moral of this story is ... It is always best to be honest.

#12

The Raven and The Fish Hawk

On the banks of a beautiful river lived a Raven and a Fish-Hawk and as they were neighbors they were very friendly and congenial. Now, as winter drew near fish in the river became scarce and food of all kinds was very difficult to find, they began to experience some rather hard times. The Fish-Hawk was noted for his skill in fishing and he was also known for his honesty and truthfulness through-out the country. While on the other hand, the Raven was unskilled and poor, and a great deceiver. This the Fish-Hawk did not know, and he always believed that his neighbor, the Raven, was a very good man.

The winter became even more severe and the Raven found very little food indeed, in fact, he was very nearly starving to death. The Fish-Hawk, however, did not fare quite so badly for although the fish in the river were scarce he managed to get enough to keep him comfortable for the winter. One day he heard that Raven was starving to death, Fish-Hawk walked around the bend to his neighbors house that day to see for himself how the Raven was getting along, and he found that it was true that Raven was starving to death, so he invited Raven over the next day for a feast.

'To Raven's dismay he could see no food and began to

wonder why he had been called over to the house of the Fish-Hawk if the fish-hawk had no food for him. Yet he noticed that FishHawk built his fire and made ready for the feast. 'Then suddenly he saw the Fish-Hawk sing a strange song then fall down on the ice as if he were dead. The Raven was certain that he had been killed. The Raven ran down to the river, but could find no trace of the FishHawk until after a few seconds he saw him come up from under the ice with a number of trout. Of course Raven was greatly surprised at this new way ot fishing and decided he would like to try it tor himself.

When the Raven finished his song he permitted himself to fall down on the ice as swiftly as the fish-hawk did, and he hit the ice with a great thud, but did not break through the ice as the Fish-Hawk had done. So, when he landed on the ice all the bones in his body were broken, and he died instantly. Now the lesson part of this story is that one should not attempt to do the impossible; if you know you are not qualified to do certain things, do not try to do them. Just because you see someone else doing them, and so cause others to laugh at you and call you a fool. 'Test your power and your knowledge. The moral of this story is ... Know your strengths and act accordingly.

13

The Whale, The Mink and Little Tut-te-eka

One day the Mink and his little brother Tut-te-eka went out fishing in a little canoe. It was a calm lovely day and the boys were fishing with a spear, suddenly their little canoe rocked and they found a great whale was swimming close to the little canoe and was the cause of the waves that rocked the boat. This made Mink very angry and he called out to the whale to hurry along and get out of the way and then called him a "dirty thing," and a great many other uncomplimentary names.

At first the whale seemed to pay no attention to the Mink, but after a time he stopped to listen to the abusive language the Mink was using, and so he was determined to teach this boy a lesson. He dove down in the water and when he came up again he was right alongside the canoe, then he opened his huge mouth and swallowed the Mink, his brother and their canoe.

Then Tut-te-eka remembered that he had heard it said that a whale, when he found himself in a dying condition, always tried to reach a river or a creek. So, after careful thought, he searched for the whales heart and taking out his little flint knife he succeeded in cutting out the heart. The whale immediately swam

toward a creek and reached there before it died. So he commenced to shout for help and make all the noise he could until he finally attracted the attention of an old man who was hewing a canoe on the beach.

At first when the old man approached the whale, he could not tell where the voices were coming from. Then he heard a voice saying: "This is the thinnest part of the stomach cut here." The old man cut at the place indicated and soon Mink and his brother were able to crawl out. As soon as they were safely out of the stomach of the whale, Mink commenced to ridicule his brother, saying, "Why, Tut-te-eka, where are your eye-brows? You've been in that stomach too long, you are pretty well peeled off." And then he began to laugh at him. This made Tut-te-eka very angry and he told Mink to look at himself, that his hair and eye-brows were gone, and that he had not fared any better than his brother had.

Mink felt his head and found that he was bald-headed and so he felt humiliated before the old man, and asked him as to what direction to take to get to the home of his people. As soon as he received this information, Mink and the little Tut-te-eka started for home. Tut-te-eka vowing never to let his brothers foolishness get him in trouble again. The object of this story is to warn you not to keep bad company, for when harm befalls the guilty person you will also suffer, even though you are quite innocent. The moral of this story is ... Don't be led by weakness and suffer like the guilty party.

#14

The Skate, The Devil-Fish and The Mink

A great gathering was held by an Indian Chief in his Potlatch House, or Gwigwi-howth, to which all animals and fish and birds were invited, for in those days all creatures could understand one anothers language. After the large house was well filled, the Chief noticed the Devil-fish making his way into the Gwi-gwi-howth and since the only vacant seat in the house was right at the door he sat down there. The Chief was sorry he could not offer the devil-fish a better seat, for he had such a difficult time getting to the meeting, as he seldom ventured out ot the water.

Mink, whom none of the people liked or respected, was also at the meeting, dressed up like a Chief, although he had no right to do so. Mink liked to attract attention and he wanted people to notice him as he had walked in and out ot the Potlatch a number of times, with the hope that people would see him coming and going. But no one seem to pay him the slightest attention. Then his glance fell on the poor Devil-fish, who was sitting close to the door and whose many arms had become very unruly since the warmth of the building made them limp.

After a bit, Mink made it a point to leave the house again

and this time he stepped on one of Devil-fish's arms and then kicked him hard: "You are in the way. If you do not do as I tell you and keep your arms to yourself, I'll give you a good beating," said Mink. "Well," said the Devil-fish, "If you think you can do it, you had better start right now." 'Then Mink grabbed the Devil-fish and dragged him to the center of the large house and there he gave him a blow on the head and then kicked him, all of which the Devil-fish did not seem to mind in the least.

"Well," said the Devil-fish, "why do you stop? Why don't you throw me outside where I will not be in the way?" "I can do it if I want to," said the Mink, "And I don't need you to tell me what to do, either. I believe I'll throw you out right now." "Go ahead," said the Devil-fish, "if you think you can do it." That angered the Mink, so he grabbed Devil-fish by the head and dragged him out of the house. The Devil-fish offered no resistance and didn't seem to mind this treatment at all. He merely said: "Why don't you make a good job of it while you are at it, why not throw me near the water?" Now, as soon as Devil-fish got into the water he was refreshed and the strength came back into his arms, and when Mink turned to go back to shore, Devil-fish just caught him with one arm and held him fast and Mink was powerless to move.

Once he got hold of Mink the Devil-fish soon swam down to the bottom of the bay to his home under some large rocks and kept Mink there as his slave. "Oh, my father must be looking for me, I see he is looking down here; he must be wondering where I am — perhaps he will come down here after me." The Devil-fish heard this and then looked up and sure enough he saw the ray of light and he reasoned that this father of Mink's must be a powerful person if he was able to see to the bottom of the Bay; his eyes must be very sharp and he was probably a great Chief and he probably wouldn't be a good person to have trouble with. Besides, Mink was not much good to him since he couldn't see very well down there, and it was a lot of bother to catch enough food to feed him. So he said to Mink: "Mink, I'll show you the way out of here and you may go home now. I don't want to keep you here, I merely wanted to teach you a lesson not to jump on anyone because he seems to be weak. For it may turn out that he is much stronger than you are." Now, after mink had disappeared under the water, the big gathering continued and the big Chief Skate Fish was called upon to sing his "totem" song, that had made him famous and was the cause of him becoming Chief.

Skate Fish at the time was shaped like any other person, all the birds and animals etc., were alike. So the big Chief got up and commenced singing his song, and this song was so well liked by the people that everybody got up and started dancing. This pleased the Chief so much that he became excited and danced around and around the circle, when he tripped and fell, and because everybody was dancing so madly and having such a good time they paid no attention to him, and soon they were dancing right over him until he became quite flattened out.

And that's how the Skate Fish came to be a fish a flat thin fish, as you see him on the story pole. If he had not permitted his vanity to get the better of him, he would have been more careful when dancing and would not have been trodden on until he lost his shape entirely. The moral of this story is ... Do not be vain but seek humility.

#15

The Little Man With the Bright Colored Coat

In a very secluded part of the woods a family, Father, Mother, two sons and a daughter lived, and the parents thought a great deal of their daughter. So when a young man who was very nice looking but who was the son of very ordinary parents, asked to marry their daughter, the parents refused to give their consent. For they are anxious to have this daughter of theirs to marry a man of good standing.

The girl refused to obey her parents and this led to a great

deal of family trouble, with the result that the parents left the home and told the girl that they never wanted to lay eyes upon her again. After a time a son was born to them, a most remarkable boy who grew up to be quite a little man by the time he was a year old. And a few years later he was able to shoot quite accurately with his bow and arrow.

Then his father made a more splendid bow and arrows for him, and the boy shot a great many birds. All the little bird skins were saved and his mother made a jacket of them which looked like a patch-work quilt and the boy was very proud of this jacket. He requested his mother to sew him a pair of buckskin trousers and an arrow bag of raccoon skin, which she did, and you see him wearing these clothes in the picture on the story pole.

"Son, I want you to remember that your grdndfathers name is Bic-bic-whay, and that he lives somewhere north of here, for he is well known. If you are asked who you are say that I am your aunt and your father is your uncle. After the boy had gone to the woods, the father and mother talked the matter over again, about leaving the boy so he could become great. Then they decided that they had just as well do away with themselves now, as later on. But how were they to kill themselves, they asked one another? 'They finally agreed to build a big bon-fire and then hold one another and jump into the fire and burn to death.

The boy was very sorry to have lost his parents and could not bear to live in the old house alone. So after spending one lonesome day and night there, he started in search of his Grandfather. The boy remembered what his mother had told him and so he told the old man he was looking for Bic-bic-whay. When the old man heard this he began to cry, and he put his arms around the boy and told him he was his grandfather, he was Bic-bic-whay, and that he was very proud of his grandson for the little fellow looked very neat in his coat of many colors and the buckskin trousers.

The story of the Little Man in the Bright colored Coat is told to the Indian children because it brings out the fact that even if you have nothing to start with, you can make something of your life if you try. This little boy had no one to teach him anything, and yet he became a very skillful hunter and all his relatives who had disclaimed his father and mother, were very glad to acknowledge him. The moral of this story is ... Use your God given gifts for good and you will be acknowledged.

#16

The Story of Put-chub

Looking towards the south across a beautiful little bay there was a little village in which lived old man Put-chub. No one knew exactly how old Putchub was, but everybody knew that he was very, very old. Now, because he was weak and very careless of his person, great sores appeared on his face and hands, and all over his body so that no one liked to get near him and he was absolutely no good to his fellow clansmen.

Now this little village and some of the neighboring tribes were ruled by a great Chief, whose only daughter was loved and respected by all. Not only because she was very beautiful but also because she was such a good girl. One day some of the people of the village who were jealous of the young girl gossiped about her. One would tell the next and so on, until the whole village had heard about the scandal. After thinking the matter over the Chief decided he would call his people together and they would cross the bay and establish a new village elsewhere, and leave the old daughter in the old village either to starve or to freeze to death.

Upon second thought however, he decided to leave the old man Put-chub with her as he was no good to the tribe and the two worthless ones, old Put-chub and the young daughter of the Chief, would die together. The Chief ordered that all fires be put out and no food left anywhere so that the two people left behind would

be unable to get warmth and food. The Crow, who was the last to leave left the ashes because it was the best way in which she could help the young girl, although it was contrary to the Chief's orders. Then the Crow paddled to catch up with the rest of the tribe. The Chief's daughter sat on the beach straining her eyes for one last look at her father, for she knew that she was innocent of any misdeeds.

On the other hand, some of the people who had left the village and gone with the Chief, were rejoicing for they had accomplished much with their evil gossip, and it pleased them to know that the Chief's daughter would perish rather than become great. Put-chub spoke to the young girl and said: "My dear girl you have always been a good girl, having lived up to your fathers advices, and it seems too bad that you should have to die away from your people in disgrace of which you are not guilty."

"I shall walk a long distance and if I should die and never return to you, you must not be sad. If I return you may know that everything has turned out for the best. You must wait for me here, do not follow me, my dear child." Then long days the girl waited for Put-chub to return, then she gave him up and decided to follow his footsteps so that she might die wherever he happened to be. She walked a short distance when she came upon a beautiful stream and not far up the bank she saw a campfire and sitting near the fire was what appeared to be a young man.

"Oh why did you follow me way out here after I told you not to worry about me? said old Put-chub, "See, I have only one sore on my forehead, all the rest have been healed and if you waited another day or two, it too would have disappeared.' He showed her his "Wuchted" or sweat-house, and explained to her how he had constructed it and the young girl was greatly interested. She saw that Put-chub was very handsome, in fact, he was the most handsome man she had ever seen in all her life.

As they were nearing their old home, Putchub turned to the girl and said: "Now, if there is anything that you wish, please tell me about it and I will create it for you, as I have the power to create." "Then," said the girl, "create people, lots of people of many different tribes and create a village where we all may live. If you can do this, life again will seem worth living." In the meantime, the Crow was selected to investigate the old island, so, she got into her canoe and paddled across the bay. What once was deserted was now beautiful. She was greatly pleased to find that

they were both alive and happy. After a pleasant visit she made ready to return to the old Chief's village and the girl begged her to ask for anything and it will be given.

Put-chub, displayed his wonderful powers to the Crow so that she might take the message back to the old Chief. Then they helped her load her canoe with gifts, after which the Crow started back across the bay. As soon as the crow came within shouting distance of the Chief's village she told the people that she had a wonderful message to deliver. When the Crow landed they all crowded about her and she took great pleasure in showing them the precious pearls, fur and food she had received from the people in the village across the bay.

Now when the Indians tell this story they always make sure that they bring out the lesson part strongly, and they caution their children not to act like the old Chief in the story did, and believe evil in a man or woman through gossip. For in many cases the person may be innocent and you would be doing them a great injustice. They also tell their children to respect old people and not make fun of them for they know a great many things young people do not know, and so there is much to learn from them. Until the coming of the whiteman the Indians always used the "Wuch-ted" or sweat-house for they believed the Put-chub had discovered a way in which to give strength to the old and new life to the sick. The moral of this story is ... Never listen to gossip and always respect your elders.

This is also a quote from the personal memoirs of Chief William Shelton as he matured in years and wrote without help.

"I am an Indian of 45 years past. I am of Snohomish, part Sky-whahmish. Puyallup and Wenatchee tribes. I was raised by my parents on the Tulalip reservation, Washington, and taught the Indian schooling advices of the Indian race by my father and mother and some old uncles and grand uncles of mine.

They wanted me to grow up a big, smart Indian doctor until I was seventeen years old, when I began to change my mind. During all that time I was taught the old Indian ways. Finally I

made up my mind to go the Tulalip Mission School run by priests and sisters. I thought to myself that maybe sometimes we will need the white people's education and it might be a good thing to learn a little of the white race before I become a man.

So, I went to school when I was 18 years old. I stayed at the mission school until I was 21 years old. Very little education I learned-just enough to read a little and to understand the English language. I found a difference between our schooling and the English at that time, So I used both schooling I had in Indian and English.

I was appointed sawyer, at the old mill at Tulalip Agency and I found it awfully nice to be with white people and friends. I soon could run a saw and turn out lumber. I learned to do repairing, how to file saws and run machinery. Then I got so I could do almost anything. I got so I could do carpentery work, millwrighting and a little of everything. Then, after that, I worked under two or three different agents who encouraged right along to do the work. I am using both the Indian people's and the white people's language and I get along very nicely on both sides.

I got so I could handle my people and I got so I could get along with my good friends-the white people-all by trying and doing all I can in my work. (I got so that I could see that the white people's advice was pretty near the same thing as the Indians' and that I must try to do my work right; not to cheat, but to be square and try to get along).

I saw right there that the two races were pretty near alike, only that our people don't understand the English language and the ruling of the good friends. There is a broken link between my race and the white people. So I thought I better look back and talk to the older people that are living and try to explain our history by getting their totems and carve them out on the pole like the way it used to be years ago. So I went around gathering the old Indians and talking to them in the genuine Indian language (Lushootseed) I learned when I was young. I used this language to them to make them understand why I wanted their totems carved on the pole to show our history-so our good friends would see our ruling foundation of all Indians around the sound.

We had a regular meeting, and the members of the different tribes talked about the totems that were going to be carved on

got up and made a speech telling how nice it was going to be to have their totems carved out so the people would see their Indian beliefs. It shows from the pole that they understood, and shows that they had good sense to be willing to do that, for that is the best we could do as it would show out so everybody could see.

That is how you can see the totem pole that I carved out with the courage of the older Indians that are living to show our young children that are now in school, who never saw anything like that before, for these totems and medicine men have been dropped for several years. They are never seen, for the Indians thought the best they could do was to drop all their ways, or else never- get along with the white people. That was their belief. But I am glad that we have a little of the Indian history and have carved it out on the pole to show a little of the Indian belief.

There were many, many times that my father told me to go out to a certain place at night when all was dark and you couldn't see hardly anything, but I dare not say I couldn't get there. It had to be done when he mentioned the place where I was to go. I must get there through the dark, even though cold and naked. He used to give me a stick, a home stick they used to call it; a little stick that is known by everyone around home for me to carry and leave at the place or point mentioned to prove that I got there. I had to carry many times in different places.

The hardest time I had was at the Straits between Port Angeles and Neah Bay Reservation. My father sent me out late one evening while everybody was asleep. I slept with an old man by the name of Weallup. The rule was that if I should go out, I must go quietly so nobody would know that I left the house. It was against the Indian ruling for a boy or any young man going out at night to make any noise. So I slipped away from the old man that I slept with and left the house without anyone knowing that I was out.

I travelled fully a half mile on the mountain side that leads right down to the salt water where there were barnacles on all the stones and all strange places, but I was told to go to a certain place and get there, so I did. The tide was high so I had to swim around those sharp rocks in the cold water to get to the place that I was

told to reach. This happened when I was twelve years old, and was the hardest place I ever got to. The idea of my father was for me to find a strong totem that would make me a brave, smart man; that's what he wanted me to be. But I believe that even if I had learned a strong totem at the time, I wouldn't use it now, for it is a thing that couldn't get along with the white race laws.

I believe that we all should learn so we could work like the white people in some days that are coming. I believe that it is a good example for the young children that are growing up to see my work and to read my history, for I am poor; have but very little of the white people's schooling, but it shows that we could learn and do things like our friends if we wanted to. And it shows right here that we need the courage to learn, for that is all that carries me along-the courage of my good friends. Without that it is easy to slip back into the old Indian ways. I hope that we will have the courage all the time to be able to be with our good friends some day that is coming."

TO MY FATHERS MEMORY

"My father is gone"

As the appauling signifigance of those words flow through my mind. I have a raging desire to run, crying to the ends of the world. To tear the earth, to close the beloved earthly remains in my arms and never let him go.

But I know I shall do none of those things for I shall try to remember and live up to his teachings in regards to life and death. For my eyes are dimmed with tears. I shall look down to the grass at my feet. The trees near and far with their solitude the little birds, and remember they too have that great mysterious gift called life.

I shall lift my eyes to the distant mountains cry with majesty and beauty, and strive to realize and understand the beauty and majesty of life and death just as you told me. When the winter comes with its bitter cold, when the rain blesses the earth with life giving water, when the summer breezes whispers to the trees.

When the waves go laughing up the beaches, with the strong winds rushing excitingly over the earth. With all these songs of nature I shall hear the cadences of my fathers beloved voice telling me to be good, be kind, be brave. Thus to the earth our mother I commend his earthly remains, and to the great Doh-kwi-Buhch all seeing all knowing all understanding all pervading presence I commend his courageous spirit.

Thus in humble incoherant words, I strive to express my heartfelt regard and esteem for my dearest friend. To pay a tribute to the most wonderful man I ever knew or ever shall know. My father William Shelton.

Princess Karriette Shelton Dover

THE END

Left to Right: Chief William Shelton — Princess Harriette Shelton Dover.

SAVE THE Everett STORY-POLE

CARVED BY CHIEF WILLIAM SHELTON OF THE TULALIP TRIBES

(1) Hoh-Kwi: *'The Little Diver'*. Sacrifice for the happiness and betterment of others.

(2) Doh-Kwi-Buhch: *'The Great and Mighty Man'*. Be content with what you have and you will find happiness.

(3) Suk-Whay: *'The Sparrow'*. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

(4) Spi-Ou: *'The Fox-Bushchub, the Mink, the Spider'*. Choose your friend's carefully, for many have no conscience and will lead you to evil.

(5) Sway-Uock: *' The Evil Ogress'*. United we stand, divided we fall.

(6) The Bead: *'The Evil Chief'*. One cannot judge the capacity of a mind by the size of the body.

(7) The Sckaat-Cheed: *'Hammer and the Fox'*. Be grateful for the body God gave you and look after it.

(8) The Great Man: *'God of Everything'*. Have a love and respect for God.

(9) The Eagle Brothers and the Mink: Never lie and always tell the truth.

(10) Black Bear and Grizzly Bear: Listen to the wisdom of your parents and teachers.

(11) Story of the Deer and the Wolves: It is always best to be honest.

(12) The Raven and the Fish-hawk: Know your strengths and act accordingly.

(13) The Whale, the Mink, and the Little Tut-te-eka: Don't be led by weakness and suffer like the guilty party.

(14) The Skate, the Devil-fish and the Mink: Do not be vain but seek humility.

(15) The Little Man with the Bright Colored Coat: Use your God given gifts for good, and you will be acknowledged.

(16) The Story of the Indian Girl and Put-Chub the Chief: *'In Wuch-ted: The Sweat-house'*. Never listen to gossip and always respect your elders.